

breaker of a rising tide upon a shelving beach. On and up they swept, Captain Y., though now hit four times or five, still leading and cheering on his men—on and up, and with a final rush and roar over the crest of the hill into the German trenches and through to the ground beyond. There at last, his task accomplished, Captain Y. fell, and to this day is missing. There beyond the crest the supporting lines rallied to their comrades. The Colonel had been put out of action at the first German trench, many officers and men had fallen in the great assault, but the hill had been won as ordered, and there the remains of the attacking force hung grimly on through the sodden afternoon till on the enforced retirement of a neighbouring battalion and the failure of reinforcements to arrive in time they withdrew reluctantly to the lower line of trenches.

THE LATE CAPTAIN A. S. PRINGLE, EDINBURGH.

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Captain A. S. Pringle, who was the only son of Mr. J. C. Pringle, W.S., Edinburgh, was 37 years of age. He received his school education at Edinburgh Academy, where he distinguished himself, and particularly in mathematics. But he was no less distinguished in the athletic field, and for many years, at first in the school pack, and, later in the forward division of the Academicals, the shock head and beautifully strong and well-knit figure of "Touzie" (for so he was affectionately known) was familiar to all followers of Rugby football. From school he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, as an Academical Exhibitioner. He played against Oxford at Rugby in 1898. He graduated there in Arts, and then turning from pure science to Law, took the degree of Bachelor of Laws, first at Cambridge and then at

Edinburgh University. He was admitted to the Scottish Bar in 1902.

The comparative inactivity of an advocate's earlier career did not satisfy Pringle, and he threw himself into politics with characteristic energy and thoroughness. He unsuccessfully contested North-West Lanarkshire in the Unionist interest, and was afterwards invited and went to London to undertake literary duties at the head Unionist offices.

In soldiering, Pringle was always keenly interested. He was commissioned in the old University Company of the Queen's Edinburgh, and subsequently joined the Forth Division Engineers. On the discontinuance of the submarine mining branch of this service, he returned to the Queen's Edinburgh as Captain of the O.T.C. It was no surprise to his friends that immediately on the outbreak of war, sacrificing all personal interests, he joined the fighting forces of the Crown.

How well he performed his duty as a soldier his brother officers tell, and in the Loos engagement he faced and met his end with the fearless courage, determination, and high resolve which made him what he was.

He is survived by his wife and three young children. All honour to him and his like, a kind, big-hearted gallant man, made of stuff that men are made of.

LOVE AND LIFE—AN EXPLANATION.

In a previous article, which has apparently been misunderstood, I endeavoured to state that it was for parents alone to give any knowledge of the facts of life or the ritual of love. But one of the main objects of our union is that parents and teachers should work together and on a common plan. Now where the average teacher fails and the Amble-side trained teacher often succeeds is in just the treatment

of problems of life and love which meet us on every page of our history, literature and geography books, where the customs of strange countries merely scandalize the common-place mind. We teachers also have to face the questions of right and wrong conduct in life and love on every page—how understand Mary Queen of Scots or read *The Vicar of Wakefield* otherwise? Our most wise founder, while upholding the sanctity of the parent's privileges on such points, habitually sets books for both Class III and IV which the old-fashioned and untrained consider "very old" or "very advanced" for them, because she knows that they are learning the best ways of looking life squarely in the face thereby. A responsible schoolmaster once said to me that he wished time permitted of all literature and history being taught twice over in every school—once by a man and once by a woman—that the pupils' points of view on the great questions of how love and life should affect conduct should be laid before them from both points of view.

The keeping of pets is demoralizing when discussion is permitted and encouraged as to their manner of life but instantly suppressed and considered "unsuitable" when urgent human problems find crude expression out of a child's mouth, which they often do, because children are innocent whether ignorant or not, and not yet aware of "conventional silliness."

The main point of my article was that "mere reading," without discussion, is not enough. It is the want of discussion that is humble, because we teachers as well as our pupils stand outside the gates of life, but which is honest and frank and brave, that spoils so much of the teaching of history and literature in our modern great convent-like schools for boys and girls. Not the P.N.E.U. schools, which are a very small proportion, but those great establishments to which we see so many of our children go when they leave our care.

I am accused of ignorance of social life. I have seen enough of it in over fifty years to know that a very large proportion of the parents and teachers of girls do not look forward for them to the "complete life," but deliberately try to train their daughters to the incomplete, however useful and honourable, life of the single woman with a career or profession, because the conditions before the war did not justify any hope of every woman having even a chance of finding the joys of husband, home and children. My article was written largely to protest against the encouragement of this wilful ignoring and deliberate stifling of knowledge and interest in that side of life which is with many college-trained teachers (our own always excepted) intentional. No one deprecates more than I should myself the giving of "knowledge of life" through any sort of school lesson, but the wise teacher knows from the parent how much the pupils realize of life and uses instead of avoiding that knowledge. Having been myself a pupil at one of the most famous high schools, I have heard a teacher deliberately lie in answer to a child's question rather than face the fact that a certain prince was illegitimate. And such subterfuge and evasion is not a method which increases a child's respect for the teacher.

"The immediate and sacred experiences of the home" are not fit subjects for discussion; reticence, good taste, and modesty shudder at the idea, but any girl who had read and talked over with parent or teacher *Hamlet*, for example, knows what tragedy family disloyalty can bring about.

As my original article appeared in May and the rejoinder not in the next number but in November and this cannot appear before February, I am afraid no one will remember my original contentions; but if they were among the objectors I hope they will do me the kindness to follow these somewhat lengthy explanations.

R. AMY PENNETHORNE.

JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.

This term we consider six pictures by the greatest of those painters who formed what was known as the "Barbizon School," whose object was the return to nature after the artificiality of the Watteau period, to get rid of the smell of the studio that clung to the pictures of the Paris school, beautiful as they were, and to do for painting what the Lake Poets were doing for poetry. The method employed was different entirely from that followed by the pre-Raphaelites in England, and was much more a return to simplicity in subject and treatment. Millet drew nearly all the subjects of his pictures from the peasants' lives among which he lived; in fact, which was his own. And his genius succeeds in bringing before us the beauty and pathos of these men and women who with constant toil wring a bare living from the hard and ungracious soil, with implements of the rudest, yet have a dignity and grace in their lives that we learn to recognize for the first time.

One of the principal things to point out to the children in these reproductions is the wonderful manner in which the hot sunshine of these level plains is indicated. "The Angelus," "The Shepherdess," and "The Gleaners," are all mid-day pictures, with strong high-lights and very deep shadows. Let the children find out for themselves the time as shown in the pictures, in each case about mid-day; "The Shepherdess" is the latest. The silver edge to the cloud shows that this demure little maiden is leading her flock homewards. Notice the poor ground, thick with weeds, in both that picture and "The Angelus." I think another point to be noticed in the pictures is the different backs, especially in "The Gleaners," where the young suppleness of the central figure contrasts with the stiff right-hand woman, too tired to straighten herself, and the hand thrown up of the other one in the effort to ease the strain.

Then there is something very motherly in the back of "La Becquée," a picture the children will love. Such a dear earnest little trio in their wooden shoes and tidy pinafores. The eager hen coming for her share is rather a humorous touch, and there is great beauty in that glimpse of the distant orchard with the strenuous reaper. There is something very wonderful in the swing and strength of "The Woodsawyers"—the extraordinary poise of the second man, the intentness, the difficulty. There is so much in Millet's pictures that is suggestion, that grows as one looks at them. The gentle calm of "The Sheepfold" is full of mystery and patience—the barking dog, the waiting animals in the foreground, the splendour of the rising moon. I think I should keep it to the last.